In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
At time, at TARQVIN, and vncheerfull night,
In vaine I cauill with mine infamie,
In vaine I ſpurne at my confirm'd deſpight,
This helpeleſſe ſmoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerſt thou at this decree?
Honor thy ſelfe to rid me of this ſhame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue thou liu'ſt in my defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy loyall Dame,
And waſt affeard to ſcratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy ſelfe, and her for yeelding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betombled couch ſhee ſtarteth,
To finde ſome deſp'rat Inſtrument of death,
But this no ſlaughter houſe no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
VVhich thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoake from ÆTNA, that in aire conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged Cannon fumes.

In